

pretty when you  
cry

peachslice

## pretty when you cry by peachslice

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**Summary:**

He leaned on Richie's chest and desperately rocked against his hand, his shoulders rising quickly as he felt himself getting closer. "Two hours—" his eyes fluttered shut as the feeling washed over him, and Richie's fingers started moving with him, quickly thrusting and crooking upward to bring him to an orgasm. And just as his thighs started to tremble with pleasure and he was nearly brought over the edge, he stopped.

"Good boys *ask*." he grinned, pushing his face into Eddie's hair and bringing his thigh up again, just to further enforce his point. "You can't make up the game and refuse to play it, baby. You gotta *ask*."

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### Author's Note:

au where eddie and richie are very in love and married and eddie cries during sex because hes so happy and in love?????

i love these two im sorry...cant stop wont stop!

“Are you okay?”

He roughly brought his hips down against Richie's thigh and moaned quietly. He tried to glare at him, but the feeling of Richie's knee on his clit was too much. It clouded his mind, leaving him feeling light-headed and unable to do anything but moan and grind his hips. It felt good, but he wasn't allowed to get what he'd asked for, not until Richie thought he had been good enough for him. It was hard to concentrate when he was like this, right on the cusp of an orgasm, but if he wanted it, he knew he would have to speak up, to make Richie say those magic words—

He cried out when he felt Richie's fingers on his clit. It wasn't anything special, just two fingers pressing down on and moving between his lips, but it was enough to bring tears to his eyes. He reached for Richie's hand and held it against him, desperate to feel more of him, to be allowed to cum, anything. He wanted relief. He *needed* it.

“Baby,” he didn't pull away from Eddie. He dipped his fingers lower, spreading his juices and bringing them back over his aching clit. He bit his lip when he felt Eddie spasm and jerk against his hand, and almost, *almost*, gave in. “You just have to ask. I'll let you cum.”

He leaned on Richie's chest and desperately rocked against his hand, his shoulders rising quickly as he felt himself getting closer. “Two hours—” his eyes fluttered shut as the feeling washed over him, and Richie's fingers started moving with him, quickly thrusting and

crooking upward to bring him to an orgasm. And just as his thighs started to tremble with pleasure and he was nearly brought over the edge, he stopped.

“Good boys *ask*.” he grinned, pushing his face into Eddie’s hair and bringing his thigh up again, just to further enforce his point. “You can’t make up the game and refuse to play it, baby. You gotta ask.”

He wrapped his arms around Richie’s neck and buried his face in his chest. “*Please*,” he gasped, all while rocking his hips against Richie’s thigh, trying to get as much friction as he could in the position. “Please fuck me. I can’t...I need you, Richie. I’m-“ he grabbed a fistful of Richie’s curls and cried out, hips roughly moving down to meet his thigh.

“Eds,” he whispered. He curled an arm around his waist and lifted him into his lap, bringing their hips together at last, and pushing his face into his neck. He groaned and rocked his hips as he kissed the boy’s neck, leaving small red marks when his teeth scraped the skin. “Baby, I’m here. Just let me-“

He reached for Richie’s cock and panted as he moved it between his folds. He was too desperate to bother with a condom or anything that they normally would have used. He didn’t *care*. Red-faced and on the verge of crying, he brought his hips down, slowly letting Richie fill him. He cried out when their hips met and he was finally full, the feeling so overwhelming that he almost came undone right then. “Please, please-“ he grabbed at his husband’s hair and tugged hard, anything to bring them closer together.

He wanted to protest, to make Eddie slow down so he wouldn’t hurt himself, but the boy had a tight grip on his hair, almost keeping him locked in place. “I’m here,” he mumbled and squeezed his thighs, hands slowly making their way toward the center. “You’ve been so good for me, baby.” he kept one hand on Eddie’s hip, and the other moved between his legs and started moving against his clit.

He held onto Richie’s shoulders with a death-grip as he lifted his hips and roughly brought them back down again. He cried out and pushed his face into his husband’s chest, moaning and gasping his name. They usually took things slow, stretching out for hours so Eddie felt

everything, so he felt *good*. He didn't want it slow or careful now. He was so close, and he *needed* Richie to make him cum. He didn't want to wait any longer, didn't want seconds to pass by where Richie wasn't touching him.

"Lay back, Eds. Let me—" he groaned and let his head fall back against the pillows. He covered his mouth with the back of his hand as he bucked his hips, desperate to feel more of his tight heat. He wanted to slow things down, to have Eddie on his back and underneath him, but the change made things feel so much better. He grabbed Eddie's hips and thrusted up into him, all while bringing his weight down against him.

His face turned a deep red and, much to his embarrassment, tears started to spill and drip onto his chest. He held onto Richie and kept his face pressed against his shoulder as he rocked his hips, the feeling so *good* and overwhelming. "Please, please—" he cried, more tears dripping down his cheeks, and moved his hips faster. "I'm s-so close, Richie." he sobbed, holding onto him even tighter.

"Oh, *baby*..." he pressed his thumb against his Eddie's clit and started rubbing circles around it, almost in sync with his thrusts. He was close, too, with the rhythmic feeling of Eddie tightening down on him whenever he moved his fingers over his clit. He moaned quietly and bucked his hips, bringing his nails down on Eddie's bony hips as he moved against him.

"Please, I want—" his thighs started to tremble as he brought his hips down in shaky thrusts. He held tight onto Richie as he came, hips roughly coming down against him as the feeling washed over him. He cried harder, hiccups tearing through his body and his chest rising rapidly, as Richie kept moving his fingers over his clit, further overstimulating him. "Richie, *please*, cum inside...Please—"

He moaned, the feeling of Eddie shaking and crying above him too much to handle, and roughly bucked his hips up into him. He suddenly stopped, thighs tensing and trembling as he jerked forward and spilled into him. It was something he'd regret later, but in that moment, with Eddie begging him, he let loose, and it was worth it to feel his tight heat around his cock. He gasped and bucked his hips a few more times, still bringing Eddie's hips down against his, and then

stopped, panting loudly.

He lifted himself out of Richie's lap on shaky legs, the feeling of cum sliding down his legs making him shiver. He was too tired to bother cleaning himself off, and too sensitive to handle it. He laid down next to him, arms immediately coming to wrap around his husband's chest and bring him closer. He lazily pushed his leg between Richie's and let his head fall on his chest. "I love you," he sniffled, a few tears still falling.

He turned to the side, instead spooning Eddie from behind, with his arm around his waist and his face pressed against his shoulder. "You really wear me out, babe." he laughed quietly and kissed his neck. "Are you okay? Really? You usually don't cry that much."

He coughed, embarrassed. "It's just...It's an emotional thing for me." he mumbled into his arm and brought his legs up to his chest, sighing. After a moment, he started to giggle. "You don't usually cum that much, either. Someone feeling pent up?"

He lightly smacked Eddie's thigh. "Only because *someone* started taking later shifts. I miss you a lot, y'know." he mumbled into his husband's hair, still giggling a little.

"Go to sleep, you big baby."

**Author's Note:**

i hope the ending wasnt too ooc ://